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YORK DAILY PRINT.

*David Etter Small.*


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Born December 3, 1824,

Died March 25, 1883.

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*“ Not Slothful in business ;  
Perrent in spirit ;  
Serving the Lord.”*



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MEMORIAL

—OF—

David Etter Small,

—CONSISTING OF

A Biographical Sketch

—AND—

A Funeral Address,

Delivered in the Presbyterian Church, York, Pa.,  
April 1, 1883.

—BY—

Rev. H. E. NILES, D.D.

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Also Various Resolutions and Papers,

*With Reference to the Death of Mr. Small.*





## BIOGRAPHICAL.

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THE name "SMALL" has long been familiar to the people in Southern Pennsylvania and in Maryland. About the year 1750, LAWRENCE SCHIMMEL emigrated to this country from ALSACE, GERMANY, with his wife, two daughters and four sons. KILLIAN, the eldest of these children, married EVA, a daughter of JACOB WELSHOFFER, and settled in Hellam township. Of their seven sons who grew to manhood, JOSEPH was the fourth. To him were born three sons, HENRY, CHARLES and JOSIAH ("JESSE.")

HENRY, the eldest of these, married CATHARINE MOSEY, of York, and to them were given three sons, DAVID E., JOHN H. and JACOB.

From a boy, DAVID was characterized by ardent thirst for knowledge and intense energy in the pursuit of whatever commanded his attention. When only thirteen years of age, he left the *York County Academy* that he might enter the well-known mercantile establishment of his father's cousins, Messrs. P. A. & S. SMALL. There, his intelligence, fidelity and ability for prompt and

wise decisions became signally manifest. He rose rapidly from one position to another, till, before the age of twenty, he had come to be regarded as a foremost and confidential clerk.

While in this employ, his home was in the family of Mr. Samuel Small, where, in leisure hours, and often far into the night, he faithfully improved the opportunities afforded him for reading, writing and general culture. To the close of life he gratefully remembered his experience in that household, and often declared how much his subsequent career had been affected by the intellectual and spiritual stimulus there received. During this period of nine years, he was a regular attendant upon the services of the German Reformed Church, of which, for the principal part, Rev. Mr. Douglass was pastor, or of the Presbyterian Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. B. J. Wallace.

From some Sabbath memoranda which he kept during this time, and also from the testimony of those who knew him well, there are abundant evidences that he "gave the most earnest heed to the things which he heard" from the pulpit and in the Sabbath-school. The Spirit of the Lord was evidently guiding him to a deepening conviction of the heinousness of sin, of the danger of evil companionships, of the claims of Sabbath observance and of the Temperance cause, of his

need of Christ as a personal Saviour, and of the importance of regular habits of secret prayer. In 1845, under promptings of filial duty, he left the store of the Messrs. Small, to engage with his father in the lumber business. Notwithstanding serious embarrassments, he wrote in his journal, "My trust was fixed in my God, who has never forsaken me, though I have often forgotten Him." He set up in their office, for a business motto, the significant letters—"N. R. G." (energy,) and felt that it would require the diligent use of all his powers to put their affairs on a secure basis. Success crowned their efforts, and in due time the growing business called for the aid of his two younger brothers, John H. and Jacob, and the firm became well-known as "H. Small & Sons."

On Sabbath, the 3rd of May, 1846, Mr. Small wrote: "This day I confessed my God and Saviour before the world." From that time his experiences of spiritual comfort seem to have been still more satisfying, and his consecration more decided.

On the 17th of January, 1847, he renders thanks to God, "for growth in grace during the past year," and calls "with sobs and cries of gladness, for more of that food which, when eaten, increaseth the appetite, that heavenly manna which is as free as the very air God gives us to breathe."

On the 14th of June, 1849, Mr. Small was

united in marriage with Miss Mary A. Fulton, of Baltimore, Md., and on the 28th of November, of the same year, both were admitted, by letter, to membership of the *First Presbyterian Church*, of York.

From that time, how well he illustrated the idea of Inspired Paul: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,"—how faithful he was, even under greatest pressure of worldly cares, in attendance upon all the services of the church, in labors in the Sabbath-school, and in efforts for the promotion of Temperance and every Christian reform, is matter of general remark. Not only the particular congregation, but the whole community have felt his power, through the years, and there are many to rise up and call him blessed.

In 1852, Mr. Small entered into a partnership with Mr. Charles Billmeyer, for the manufacture of Railway Cars, in which business they were greatly prospered. In 1853, when conducting a gentleman through their shops, his clothing was caught in rapidly revolving machinery, and he sustained a fearful accident in the loss of his right arm; but in a few weeks his vigorous constitution rallied from the shock so that he was able to resume his wonted activities. After the outbreak of the war in 1861, both firms were taxed to the utmost, in meeting the orders which came upon them from private parties, and from the imperilled government. After the death of Mr. Billmeyer,

in 1876, the two firms were consolidated into a stock corporation, including sons of the original partners, under the title of "THE BILLMEYER & SMALL COMPANY," of which Mr. David E. Small was made President, and so continued until his death.

His energies, however, were not confined exclusively to the line of private business, but were exerted in a variety of public channels, in which also, he was very successful. As early as 1847, he began to write occasional articles for the papers of Baltimore and Harrisburg, as well as of York, showing the importance of railroad communication between these cities, and exhibiting remarkable knowledge of facts concerning the business interests that might be affected thereby.

About the same time, also, his attention seems to have been turned more earnestly to the terrible evils of Intemperance. In 1851 and '52 he contributed for the "*People's Advocate*" a series of articles entitled "Intervention or Non-Intervention," in which he pictured with graphic power the extent of these evils, and pleaded with different classes to arouse and "intervene" for the salvation of the Drunkard and his suffering family. Thus was he early laying the foundation for that career of activity and usefulness in these departments of effort, for which his subsequent life has been noted. In time, he became a large stockholder in

the Pennsylvania Railroad, and his counsel and active efforts were often sought by the managers of that corporation. In 1874 he was appointed on a special committee of seven to examine and report upon the condition of the road in all its branches and properties. He was also connected, in various ways, with several other important railroads in the country. For eleven years, he was President of the First National Bank of York, and his resignation of that office was reluctantly accepted by the Directors only in consideration for his failing health.

At the time of his death, among others, he held the official positions of President of the York Gas Company, Director of the Water Company, Director of the Lochiel, and Wrightsville Iron Works, and Trustee of the York County Academy, York Collegiate Institute, Orphans' Home and York Hospital. He was widely known as an ardent temperance man, always ready with his oratorical powers, with his influence and money, to further any movement for the elevation of his fellow-men. He was a member of the State Temperance Committee, and of the Executive Y. M. C. A. State Committee, and was for many years President of the Borough Y. M. C. A. He was an officer of the State Sabbath Association, and at a meeting of the International Sabbath Association last March, with Hon. Wm. E. Dodge and Barker Gun-

more, Esq., was appointed a committee to secure by conference and concert of action among railroad managers, the reduction of Sunday car running and work on their lines and in their shops.

In view of so many varied and important interests committed to him, and all that his heart prompted him to undertake in the cause of Religion and Reform, it is not strange that his constitution, however robust, should at length, have given away. Especially did this begin to be manifest after the death of his eldest daughter, Annie, in October 1874, who, though always delicate, he had hoped might live many more years to be a light and blessing to his family circle.

He may not have realized what strains upon all his energies his earnest spirit was laying, though anxious friends could not but fear, and urge upon him the necessity of caution. In the year 1876 his nervous system suddenly gave way, and from that time on to his death, what trials his ardent nature endured in conflict with weakness, acute sensibility and inability to accomplish the half that he desired, both in business and in the furtherance of Christ's cause, no one can tell. At various times, did he express the determination, soon as possible, to emerge from all worldly cares, and devote the remainder of his life entirely to the welfare of his family and the work of the church.

The All-wise Master had another experience of

trial before him, of which he had little dreamed, but in which we now see, he was to be further purified and prepared for the skies. His beloved daughter "Mollie," wife of Wm. H. McClellan, who had been gradually fading away for many months, on the first day of December, 1882, fell "a victim of that devouring consumption which has stolen from the world so much of bright-eyed youth and feminine loveliness;" "taken away from a devoted husband and admiring friends, from a beautiful home and ample means, that she so well adorned and wisely used." With christian resignation, the father bore this stroke, and for the sake of others who were stricken, even tried to rejoice in the thought of her translation to the Heavenly Clime,—but it was evident that another tie that bound him to earth was broken, and that spiritual things seemed to him more real and more near. Especially about the beginning of this year, (1883) in anticipation of "*The Week of Prayer*," and in the observance of it, his soul seemed on fire with devotion to the work of the Lord and the salvation of men.

We marked his earnestness, we joined in his fervent prayers, we rejoiced in his wonderful power of exhortation and appeal; and we could not but hope that these were indications that a new lease of life and strength had been given him in which to accomplish yet greater things for



Christ and humanity. But we now see that he was doing up his last work, that he was ripening rapidly, in that Harvest-time of the church, for the Heavenly Land.

In the early part of February, he returned from a hurried trip to Boston, (which he had reluctantly made under pressure of what seemed a special necessity, for the sake of giving continued employment to hundreds of workmen in the shops,)—giving alarming evidence that he had contracted a severe and dangerous cold. Much as he desired to do so, he was not able to resume his place and his work in our solemn meetings. Day after day, his hopes, in this respect, were disappointed, and when the communion Sabbath arrived, (4th of March), he was not able to join with the Session, in welcoming to the church those for whom he had labored and prayed.

All treatment of his case seemed ineffectual, and at length the physicians were obliged to sound that terrible phrase "*Typhoid Pneumonia!*" Under its grasp, his bodily powers gradually succumbed, until, on Sabbath morning, March 25th, just about as the Easter Bells were ringing, his redeemed soul, loosed from the bonds of earth, sped heavenward, through the clear sunlight, to be forever with the Lord.

On that memorable day, as the congregation came together, the word passed quickly from

trembling lip to trembling lip, "HE IS DEAD!" and it was a tearful assembly! The Pastor spoke, as best he could, with broken tones and flooded eyes, on the words "*I knew a man in Christ;*" and in the Sabbath-school, afterwards, little was said except in review of his beautiful career as a Scholar, Teacher and Officer, and in tender and affecting tribute to his memory.

On Tuesday, P. M., March 27th, the funeral was attended, only a small portion of the immense crowd, (including several hundred employees of the Billmeyer & Small Co.,) being able to find room in the spacious residence. In this service, the Pastor was assisted by Rev. Dr. Gotwald, of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Rev. Pres. McDougall, of the York Collegiate Institute, and Rev. A. W. Lilly, of the Zion's Lutheran Church. The choir of the Presbyterian Church sang "Soon and Forever," and "Asleep in Jesus," and the following Elders and Deacons acted as Bearers: Dr. J. W. Kerr, Jno. M. Brown, Joseph Root, Samuel Small, Jr., H. S. Myers and Dr. N. H. Shearer.

On the succeeding Sabbath evening, April 1st, a Memorial Sermon was preached by Dr. Niles, in the church, which was crowded with an attentive and tearful audience, the middle pews being occupied by the employees of the company, who had expressed a desire to attend in a body.

The following is the substance of that discourse:

## SERMON.

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PROV. X : 7.—“The Memory of the Just  
is Blessed.”

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**F**ROUDE, one of the greatest writers of our age, has, somewhere, suggested that there are no saints in the Protestant church! The soldier can raise a column to his successful general; the halls of Law Courts can be hung around with portraits of the ermined sages; Newton can have his statue, and Harvey and Watt their memorials in the Academies of Science, and each young aspirant for fame, can see, in the calling which he has chosen, high excellence duly honored; but, the church's aisles are desolate! There are no statues for her heroes! The empty niches stare out, like hollow eye sockets from the walls! Good men live and die, in the church, whose story if written out, might be of inestimable benefit. It might show her children a real path trodden by living christians, just such a path as is open for them, and in following which, they may become morally, heroically grand.

And so this writer grieves that Protestantism does not know what to do with her own heroes; that she is unable to give them open and honorable recognition; that she is so entangled in speculative theories of human depravity, that she cannot say, heartily, of any one: "Here is a good man, to be loved and remembered with reverence!"

Doubtless, to a certain extent, this is true. We are too much afraid to speak of the "saints" who live and have lived in our time: whose histories ought to be written, and whose characters held up for imitation.

Place before our young christians the model of a noble life, surrounded by circumstances just like those in which they are placed, let them see how another, with like passions as themselves, has met obstacles, conquered difficulties and achieved success, it must be fitted to kindle their hearts, and to inspire a worthy zeal to struggle and succeed.

"The memory of the just is blessed!" Thank God for the power of remembrance! for the fact that we need not lose "out of mind" those who are removed out of sight. Their bodily forms may be with us no more; but we can think of their virtues, treasure their counsels, and try to follow their good examples. "Their memory is blessed," in the influence which it exerts; and also, in the sense of being blessed, *i. e.* praised, and spoken of with high commendation. It is a dictate of nature for sur-

viving friends to speak of them. It is abundantly authorized by scripture; and it is profitable for others, when the eulogy is not extravagant and unjust.

Neither are surviving friends alone in blessing such memories. Even those who may have manifested no sympathy with the saints, while they were alive, cannot help paying some tribute to them, when dead. Their consciences compel them to acknowledge that "the path of the just" is the way of wisdom and peace!

There are many, like the wicked prophet, who find themselves constrained—at length, to "bless" the Lord's people, though selfishness might prompt them to curse! Many, like Balaam, who, however their passions and habits incline them to live, cannot help saying "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Ministers often find it a very difficult and delicate office to preach "Funeral Sermons," especially for those who have been prominent members of the congregation and community. Sometimes a conscientious Pastor must be greatly perplexed in regard to the choice of a suitable text, and then how to speak, so as neither to say too little, nor too much!

But there are no such embarrassments in this case. I wanted a decided text, to apply to a decided christian character. My only doubt has

been, which to select, out of many that seemed appropriate. There came to mind, the words of Heavenly benediction, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them;" and I knew that such an anthem might well be chanted in reference to our departed brother.

There came the assurance, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and I said, "This must be true concerning him!" I thought of Enoch who "walked with God" on earth, until he was not, for God had translated him. I thought of dying Stephen as he gave up the ghost, saying "Lord Jesus receive my spirit!" and of Paul's memorable utterance, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain!" On the morning of his death, I spoke through blinding tears, of "the man I knew in Christ Jesus;" and at the funeral, on that declaration of a Christian Hero, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." When I thought of all the conquests which our dear brother achieved during his eventful career; when I remembered the struggles and triumphs of his early life, the hardships that he faced, the difficulties that he encountered, the obstacles that he overcame in reaching the position which he finally gained, where he touched society at so many points, and made his

influence for good felt in so many ways,—especially, when I thought of all the victories he must have gained over worldly temptations and the power of Satan,—I could not but feel that that Scripture applied emphatically to him.

But, whatever the text, my object is, not to indulge in extravagant eulogy, nor to give way to personal feelings. I want to say what is manifest truth, what ought to be said to the praise of Divine Grace, which made our brother what he was, and kept and guided and blessed him in all the way of his earthly pilgrimage. What he was as a boy, enjoying but few educational facilities, yet eager for knowledge, as he was quick and active in business, is well known in this community. What he was as a young man, prompt, resolute, determined on success, is also known, and by what rapid strides he advanced from one step of progress to another. Before the age of twenty, confidential clerk in a large establishment; at twenty-one, undertaking the management of his father's business,—at twenty-four, prominent in institutions of Moral Reform, and wielding an acknowledged influence in christian society.

But, what was the secret of his inner life, during this formative period; how he heeded the monitions of a tender conscience; how he turned daily to the Word of God for instruction, and prayed for the Spirit of God to sanctify and guide; how he

mourned over evil in his own nature, and the evil tendencies which he saw around him ; how he abjured evil companionships, and resolved against the misimprovement of Sabbaths and religious privileges,—facts like these, which lie at the foundation of that character which he displayed, and that power which he exercised, are not so well understood. Would that young men who feel the laudable ambition to attain positions of real excellence, would consider well the basis on which these depend! Not energy and perseverance alone, but, combined with these, moral principle and christian character form the only sure foundation of real success.

In August, 1853, when our brother met that terrible accident, under which many a brave nature would have succumbed, it was not merely human courage by which he was sustained, but also Faith in God. It was Christian Heroism which enabled him to bear that sudden change, and with versatility and promptness, to commence adapting himself to the new condition. And, it was by reason of the character he had already evinced, that a leading citizen addressed to him the encouraging words:—"Never mind, David, you can do more with your left arm than most men can with both!" That he has done more, the industries which he established, the achievements which he accomplished, and the reputation which he acquired



abundantly show. Not simply in the line of private business, has his power been acknowledged, but he has been identified also with a great variety of public movements, and has always been depended on as an efficient coadjutor in enterprises of Patriotism, Philanthropy and Religion. As a friend of Sabbath-schools and Sabbath order, of Temperance movements and Young Men's Christian Associations, he was ever ready with speech, and pen and purse. How much he did in each of these departments of usefulness, and how widely and gratefully he will be remembered in connection with them, many of you can testify.

His large class of young men who met regularly and enthusiastically for Bible study, was one of the prominent features of our Sabbath-school; and the numbers that were brought from thence into the communion of the church, showed to what end his instructions and his prayers were definitely directed. He was also deeply interested in the original organization of the Temperance Society connected with the school, and for the whole eight years of its existence, has stood its President and its earnest and eloquent advocate.

That little tract which he wrote on the subject, and which has been variously republished and widely circulated, presents forcibly his ideas as to the importance of educating the young in the principles of total abstinence, and of pledging

them to the same, according to the adage, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

He took great interest in the colored race, believing not only that Justice and Humanity required all possible efforts to ameliorate their condition, but also that they are capable of christian education equal with the whites. For several years, he has supported students in preparation for the ministry, at Lincoln University. Last summer, in order to meet a pressing want in that Institution, and also to commemorate the name of a beloved Professor who had been removed by death, he gave \$5,000 to erect "THE GREGORY MEMORIAL COTTAGE," which has recently been completed; and now, by his will, it appears that he has bequeathed \$10,000 more to the same institution.

In 1865, Mr. Small was ordained by the Presbytery of Harrisburg, a Ruling Elder in this church,—at the same time when I was installed its Pastor; and since that time, how well he has shared the responsibilities of the Bishopric, I need not attempt to describe. The record is in all hearts. It is on every tongue to say how prompt, how watchful, how kind and faithful he has been. Everybody knows how the church has depended on his judgment and piety and spiritual oversight, how his colleague elders confided in him, and rejoiced in his influence, how the heart of the Pastor rested on him, assured of his constant sympathy

and co-operation,—assured that he would further every good interest committed to him, that he would never disappoint nor betray. As a hearer of the Gospel, he was also a constant delight. He never seemed pre-occupied with his own thoughts, nor indifferent to any message from the Inspired Word. He drank in the truth with avidity, and his expressive face oft revealed in smiles or tears, the impressions on his heart. “How you will miss him!” is the remark addressed to me, again and again. “We sympathize deeply with you, in your great loss.”

Every mail brings letters of condolence;—like one from Reading, yesterday, which says: “I am pained to hear of Mr. Small’s death. Your own loss, the loss of the church and community, as well as of his family, must be very great:” Like one from a Pastor in Harrisburg, who knows by personal experience, what the taking away of a beloved and active elder involves: Like one from Hartford, Conn., which speaks of “the good men who are passing away,” and that “Mr. Small’s death will deprive you of one of your strongest earthly supports:” Like two from New York, which are eloquent in eulogy for the dead, and sympathy for the living: Like several from Philadelphia, which condole with me on the loss of our “loved and lamented elder:” Like one from Baltimore, which says:—“Why was he taken, and so many that

could have been spared left! Surely eternity has many mysteries to unfold! What an irreparable loss to the Church! to the whole of York, which must feel the poorer now that dear Mr. Small no longer walks its streets with a smiling face, and a benediction on his lips for every one!" And another from the same city:—"His loss must seem to you almost irreparable. His persuasive voice, so recently heard in all your meetings, when the presence of the Holy Spirit was manifested in the conviction and conversion of immortal souls, must still sound and resound in the ears of all who heard him. David E. Small was one among a thousand in every department of life, and to his Pastor, I can imagine, he was a pillar of strength; a strong, loving arm to lean upon, a close bosom friend to counsel and to cheer you, in work for the Master."

Another, a Pastor, says:—"What a loss you have had! I know something of what it is to have a sympathetic man to lean upon in the duties and trials of a parish. How greatly we need Aarons and Hurs; and when a strong arm is withdrawn, then we feel painfully conscious of weakness."

A friend in Cincinnati, writes:—"How strange that such sore trouble should follow your great blessing! I suppose it is impossible for any one who is not a Pastor, to realize what a loss the death of such a man must be in a church. Of course,

we know God had some good reason for taking him to Heaven, and it almost seems as though he might be there to make even more fervent intercessions for his church and Pastor, than he could on earth!"

In the ecclesiastical bodies to which, from time to time, he was a delegate, no layman had greater power. He was always put on the most important committees; and when he spoke on the floor, no one was more attentively heard. "We met him once in Synod," writes a distinguished editor, "and were much impressed by him. His loss to the Church cannot be well supplied."

"He was gifted with a comprehensive mind," says another, "and he was an orator, as well! We have not heard, in the State, a better pleader for Christ before his fellowmen; nor for his fellowmen before Christ; nor for the best interests of the Church he so much loved, for Temperance, and for every other cause, noble and good!"

"You know," writes the editor of the *New York Observer*, "that Luther, whenever he got into any trouble, was in the habit of saying, 'Come, let us sing the 46th Psalm;' and one of my chief regrets in not knowing the German tongue, is, that I cannot read Luther's version of that Psalm, which, it is said, no English translation can equal! . . . We do most deeply sympathize with you and Mrs. Niles, and with the Family that is

so sorely bereaved! God alone can make up the loss!"

Yet another, a prominent minister in Baltimore, writes,—“From my first acquaintance with Mr. Small, he impressed me as a high-toned christian gentleman, an enterprising, thorough business man, true to the Church of which he was an honored officer and admirable representative, and at the same time, true to every heart that loved the Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity. In the time of his country's peril, he proved himself a patriot; . . . in the midst of pressing business pursuits, he always found time for philanthropic effort. I once heard him and John Wanamaker, from the same platform, before a Christian Association, and thought what examples for imitation! Two of the leading business men of the State pushing forward the Lord's cause, with the same energy which distinguished them in all the movements of life! Such men may go down to the grave, but they never die;—their influence for good is constantly re-producing itself, and blooming with a yesterday's freshness on each incoming generation of the human family.”

Many have spoken of the resemblance between Mr. Small and that eminent business man and philanthropist who has also recently passed away, Mr. Wm. E. Dodge. In natural temperament, and in the general tone and aim of their lives, I

think they were much alike. Each was singularly agreeable in personal intercourse, genial, vivacious, courteous, sympathetic, and none the less responsive to wit and humor, because of his dominant interest in serious themes. Each gave liberally, and on principle, as if under the promptings of enlightened christian stewardship; and each was also ready with personal ministrations for the service of the sorrowing, and for the salvation of souls. Each was an intensely active man, and it was well that his susceptible and vigorous nature was turned into the channels of christian enterprise and fruitfulness.

Not only when at home, but when travelling abroad and in his vacation retreats, our brother was ever on the lookout for opportunities for doing good. Many a weak church and desponding minister, on the mountains or at the seaside, have been cheered by his presence and manifested sympathy. Many a group of strangers in the hotel parlor, or in the country Sabbath-school, have been drawn by him to the study of God's word.

Love of money is the prevailing spirit of our age, and too often, the more a man gets, the less he gives! the more stern, and hard and illiberal he grows! But, through grace, he overcame that spiritual enemy, and the richer he grew, the kindlier, more benevolent and more beneficent he became. Whoever went to him with any worthy object, and

was turned coldly away? What victim of poverty or sorrow ever told his tale without eliciting a response, sometimes even to tears? What enterprising and virtuous young man ever found that he, who had risen by his own efforts, was not ready to extend the helping hand to another who was faithfully struggling?

Some persons, when they have opportunity to do the most helpful and necessary things, are cold and rigid and unsympathizing, but, afterwards, when the crisis is past, and there is no especial need for their aid, can be very ready to patronize and applaud. But, it is quite another thing to render aid at the critical time, to give faith and courage and good cheer when, without them, the struggling and wearied, might be ready to faint and fail.

David E. Small may, sometimes, have been deceived and disappointed by those whom he tried to help, but his motives were pure, and there are many who can testify what a friend he was at the right time. His was not a suspicious, incredulous nature, ready to look on the worst side, to "throw on cold water," to predict failure, and to hinder people from trying what they could do; but he was hopeful of men,—disposed to believe well of them, and to encourage them to do well. Here, at home not only, are those who love to declare how much they owe to his confidence and timely



aid, but in many places, and even far across the continent, those who when they receive the sad intelligence of what is passing here, will tearfully, tenderly mourn because their counsellor and benefactor is dead.

His contributions for objects of christian benevolence, especially for the Boards of the Presbyterian Church, were systematic and large. For several years past, I have reason to believe that he gave according to a fixed proportion of his income. But even during the dark days of financial depression in our land, when stocks were falling and incomes were cut off, and men's hearts were failing them through fear, he did not withhold from any cause of our Church.

He had Faith in God, and by Faith, he overcame that selfishness which would have whispered—"Take care of yourself! Wait and see how things turn, before you give any more."

It was by this same Faith that he recognized God in the affairs of daily life. I have heard him say that he never undertook a journey without "committing his way unto the Lord;" that he never engaged in an important transaction, without seeking wisdom from above. His business position was a platform on which his christian character and influence were more conspicuously seen. He could turn at any time, from his ledger or bank book, to speak of Christ and the interests

of His cause. He could kneel down in counting-room as well as library, to pray with a sinner who wanted to be saved. In the cars he could talk Religion just as freely as politics or trade. No worldly engagements, nor alliance with worldly men, could induce him to compromise his principles by travelling on the Sabbath, by joining in games of chance, by tasting the seductive wine cup. More than once, when abroad at fashionable dinners, his glass has remained unturned, when others put the viper to their lips, or when, out of respect for him, they also took the crystal water. More than once, has he declined to join in games which he knew, are dangerous in their tendency, and have often proved the first-steps of ruin for young men. How God blessed him in observance of the Sabbath day, has been repeatedly shown. A single instance I may give. Some years ago, when under engagement to attend a railroad convention in the West, he was notified by telegraph from a prominent official, to meet his party at Harrisburg, on Saturday afternoon, that they might proceed together, on their way. Knowing that that meant travel on the Lord's day,—violating a sacred command, Mr. Small quietly remained at home, and worshipped with his family and church, as usual. After midnight, Monday morning, he started for St. Louis, and when he reached there on Tuesday morning, and

and entered the breakfast hall of the hotel, whom should he meet but the other travellers who had arrived just about the same time as he did! They had been hindered by a disaster; had been kept out all the Sabbath uncomfortable and unhappy, while he had obeyed the commandment, and been blessed in every step. Nay! It is not "a vain thing to serve the Lord!" "Godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come."

It was also faith in God by which our brother overcame that evil spirit, which, in case of so many who achieve their own fortune, makes them appear haughty and unsympathetic towards others. Everybody saw that he was modest and unassuming, before his fellowmen, full of kindly impulses, and of generous, delicate deeds. Those who have known him best, know best how true is this. Among them especially, his junior partners in business, to whom, after they became orphans, he acted as a father, ready to advise and unselfish to protect. These men, too, before me, and the many hundreds that have been in his employ, how kindly did he care for you, how often make sacrifices for you. "His long life as master," it has been well said, "was one of patient kindness and generosity. No harshness entered into his rule, no severity guided his action, though firmness was one of his sterling qualities.

A touching proof of his rare generosity and forgetfulness of self, is the incident related of him, years ago, when he lost his right arm. "I am so glad it was not one of the men," were among the first words he spoke, thinking even then in his faintness and suffering, of those who were so dependent on the use of their arms. So it always was. On that last, fatal journey, when he contracted the terrible cold which ended in his death, it was for you, my friends, more than for himself, that he travelled, in order that employment might be furnished for you, that you and your families might not be embarrassed in the wintry days. Nay! I do not wonder that you often speak of his great-heartedness. I do not wonder at the resolutions you adopted with reference to his death, for he was, as you said, "a friend and benefactor whose kindness of heart, warmth of sympathy and forbearance under all circumstances, could not but win your love."

Equally was he thoughtful for your spiritual welfare, anxious that you might regard the great object of life, and all become "rich toward God." Though he did not obtrude his opinions upon you, he felt that the religion of Jesus Christ which was his only hope for himself and those he held most dear, was equally necessary for you and yours. For you he prayed, for you he was intensely anxious, and now if his redeemed spirit could speak

to you from the skies, do you not feel that this is what he would surely say :—" O men ! it is all true ! Remember the word which I spake unto you while I was yet with you. Remember the one thing needful ! Prepare for the exchange of worlds !" Would he not exhort you, not only to " keep the Sabbath day " for sacred rest, to practice total abstinence, and to discard every form and degree of profanity, but also to become, in the fullest sense, evangelical christians, to accept the Lord Jesus Christ in all His offices, and to live according to His word. Can you doubt, for a moment, that this would be his appeal ? And now, on this memorial occasion, if you are not fully, openly and decidedly, followers of Christ, will you not signalize the time, by turning to Him, and securing an interest in His salvation ? Make his Saviour your Saviour ! Choose " durable riches and righteousness," treasures in Heaven, which he prized better than all the things of this world !

Love for souls was a marked characteristic of our brother, and there are hundreds, some in our midst, some removed to distant places, and some who passed before him to the eternal world, who must be witnesses to his desire that they might be won for Christ. " It was he, to whom, under God, I owe my conversion "—said one. " I can never describe what he has done for me !"—exclaimed another. " He pointed me to Christ and led the way."

His bright, sunny, magnetic nature fitted him to influence men in regard to spiritual things, just as it did in regard to worldly things.

"I never met David E. Small," said one, "but I felt as if I had passed a band of music on the street." Cold, phlegmatic natures, it may be, could not appreciate this quality, and may have been ready to suggest "extravagance" or "enthusiasm" in some things that he said and did. But, sanctified enthusiasm is what gives a man power in winning souls. It is this which makes one a leader, while others stupidly plod behind.

That same flowery freshness which made him rise singing, like the lark, with every new day, which made him sensitive to the charms of nature, to the tones of music, to the beauties of art; that same lively emotional nature made him ready to sympathize with a soul convicted by the Divine Spirit; ready to respond to the first inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" Ready to rejoice with one who had learned the song of Redeeming Grace! Never did this characteristic shine out more beautifully than during our special services, of late, when his soul seemed all aglow with desires for the salvation of men and the glory of Christ. "A beautiful winding up of his life," as one of his fellow elders said. It seemed as if he could not bear to see a single one of this loved congregation misimprove the day of Grace.

O! my friends! You will never know, many of you, how deeply he felt, and how earnestly he prayed for you! You will never know, this side of the eternal revealing, how much you owe to him; if you have been brought to Christ; how much you have lost, if you have disregarded his appeals, and hindered his prayers. O! that what he did not see accomplished during his life, in the conversion of the impenitent, and the re-conversion of backsliders may be accomplished as the effect of his death. O! that from this time, we might be a better and holier people, because of the lesson we have received.

Brethren of the Session, though we are sorely bereaved, shall we ever cease to thank God for what our associate has been, as co-worker with us. As we class him, now, with McIlvaine, and Emmet, and McClellan, and Weiser, gone to their reward, shall we not pray that, for these,

“Transplanted to the skies,  
Many younger, in their stead, may rise?”

And while we, a little longer, remain at our posts, shall we not seek grace to be doing more faithfully our allotted work.

What our brother was in the sacredness of domestic scenes, I need not try adequately to picture. His home-life was a heart poem, from that romantic beginning to which he often enthusiastically

referred, all through the thirty-three years of wedded bliss. Alternate sunshine and shade have been thrown across the way. Sickness has been appointed, as well as health. Children have been born, one after another, and children have died. But in all experiences, God has been with the family, and they have had a rarely blessed christian home.

When that stately house was built, before any companies were there, he desired that it be dedicated to God. Calling thither the Pastor and officers of the church, with our wives, we sat at his table, and after varied converse, gathered around his family altar. There we sung the songs of Zion, read that 30th Psalm which King David wrote "for the dedication of his house," then kneeled in prayer, each one leading, in turn,—after which we arose, linked hands, sung the Doxology, and then the Benediction was pronounced amid tears of joy!

God has dwelled in that home, ever since, whether the experiences appointed were bright, or sad! There has been a "church in that house." There, the servants of God have ever been welcome, and in those parlors have been many gatherings in the interests of Christ's cause. There, religion has not been kept out of sight, while worldliness and gaiety have been the prominent things. There, the children have been taught to "seek first the Kingdom of God." On his dying



bed, the father only repeated what he had told them before: "My greatest comfort is, in the thought that you are christians!" "I want you always to keep faith in your father's God!" "I am resting in my Saviour's arms! The Lord's will be done!"

One time, when asleep, he murmured—"It is God's word! Eternal life! Heaven provided! Yes, Jesus has provided a home for us!" Again, as if counselling with his family in regard to some claim of benevolence, he said, with characteristic decision: "No objection to that. It is a good object. It will be giving to the Lord."

Another time, (as if in an inquiry meeting,) "There is a crisis in every one's life. Will you neglect this great salvation? The Bible offers eternal life to all who will accept." To a friend who approached his bedside, he said, with a smile: "Oh! is that you? Well, I am clinging,—clinging to the Rock!"

And so he died as he had lived. So he "finished his course," having "kept the faith." So "the memory of the just is blessed!" We "sorrow not as those who have no hope."

It may seem to human wisdom, that he has gone too soon, from his family, from the church, from the business circles which he adorned, from the community to which he was a blessing, but God's time is the best time, and God's way is always right.

"Would ye bewail our brother? He hath gone  
 To sit down with prophets, by the clear  
 And crystal waters;—he hath gone to list  
 Isaiah's harp, and David's, and to walk  
 With Enoch and Elijah, and the host  
 Of the just men made perfect. He shall bow  
 At Gabriel's hallelujah, and unfold  
 The scroll of the Apocalypse, with John,  
 And talk of Christ with Mary, and go back  
 To the Last Supper, and the Garden Prayer,  
 With the beloved disciple. He shall hear  
 The story of the Incarnation told  
 By Simeon, and the Trime mystery  
 Burning upon the fervent lips of Paul.  
 He shall have wings of glory, and shall soar  
 To the remoter firmaments, and read  
 The order and the harmony of stars;  
 And, in the might of knowledge, he shall bow,  
 In the deep pauses of archangel harps,  
 And,—humble as the Seraphim, shall cry—  
 Who, by his searching, finds Thee out, O God!  
  
 There shall he meet his children who have gone  
 Before him, and as other years roll on"

and loved ones left behind, go to him;—amid  
 the glories of the celestial world, they shall trace  
 together, the Providential experiences of their  
 earthly history,—see the wisdom and goodness  
 of all that was appointed them, and mingle with  
 the elders, before the Throne, in singing that "new  
 song" unto Him "who was slain, and has re-  
 deemed us to God, by His blood!"

## APPENDIX.



ACTION OF THE SESSION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH, YORK PA., MARCH 29th, 1883.

At a meeting of Session, the following paper with reference to the death of one of its members, was adopted and ordered to be placed on record:

### “IN MEMORIAM.

On Sabbath morning, March 25th, 1883, just about as the church bells were calling people to their Easter services, the spirit of our beloved brother David E. Small, took its departure to the world of heavenly blessedness. For several years, he had been partially disabled through nervous prostration on account of overwork; but, of late had exhibited increase of vigor, and given reason for hope that he might long be spared for usefulness in the Church and the world.

Especially, during our extra services in January and February had he manifested unusual energy, and been instrumental in great spiritual good. But, having contracted, in travel, a severe cold,

which received various additions, he, at length, broke entirely down, with Typhoid Pneumonia,—after struggling with which, about three weeks, he calmly and gently passed away.

Mr. Small, (son of Henry, who died in 1866, and brother of Jacob, who died in 1868, and of John H, a member of our church, and a trustee of the congregation,) was received into our communion, by letter from the German Reformed Church, November 28, 1849. In April 1865, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Harrisburg, a Ruling Elder, which office he has held with signal ability and usefulness. To him, we, his associates, have always turned with confidence in his fraternal sympathies, and his readiness to further by earnest words and generous deeds, any judicious enterprise for the advancement of the Redeemer's cause. To him, the entire membership have looked, with assurance of his wisdom, purity and zeal. To him, the whole congregation and community have pointed, as a living example of fidelity to christian truth and duty. In the social meetings of the church, he has been depended on for active and edifying service; in the Sabbath-school, he has been a most useful teacher and officer; in the cause of temperance, an ardent and successful worker; in Christian Associations and kindred agencies, an honored leader and guide.

There are hundreds to rise up and call him

blessed, hundreds who feel that their own lives have been made better, and that the general order of society has been better because he lived.

We desire, as a session, to place on record, our grateful sense of obligation to God for having raised up our brother, and endowed him with so many rare qualities of mind and heart, for having given him such a christian spirit, full of zeal for the glory of Christ, and the salvation of souls,—loyal to the doctrines and interest of the Presbyterian Church, yet sympathetic and fraternal toward all believers, a man of quick, progressive tendencies, yet ever true to “the Faith once delivered to the saints.” We thank God for what he has been, and for the blessed influence he has left behind. He “rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.” We doubt not, he has received the welcome “Well done! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!”

To all the members of our church and congregation, we pray that this sore bereavement may be sanctified, and especially that the young men may heed the call to devote themselves to that Master’s service which our brother loved, and in the strength of grace to carry forward the work in which he was so heartily engaged.

To his afflicted family, we proffer our assurances of heartfelt sympathy, commending them to the covenant care and tender mercies of Him who is

“the God of all consolation.” We also direct that a copy of this paper be given to them.

H. E. NILES, *Moderator.*

SAMUEL SMALL,

JAMES W. KERR,

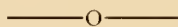
JOHN M. BROWN,

JOSEPH ROOT,

SAMUEL SMALL, Jr.,

*Elders.*

York, March 29th, 1883.



#### ACTION OF THE PRESBYTERY OF WESTMINSTER.

At the meeting of this Body in Lebanon, Pa., April 10th, 1883, the following was adopted:—

“Since our last meeting, David E. Small, an Elder in the church at York, has been called from his work to his reward.

Presbytery gratefully record our sense of obligation to God for His gift of such a man to the church. Endowed, as he was, with rare powers of mind and heart, and having by his enterprise and honest industry, acquired a large portion of this world's substance, he consecrated them all, without reserve, to the cause and service of his Divine Master.

His benefactions were princely, his labors for Christ were ceaseless and untiring, the good which

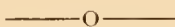
he was instrumental in accomplishing, inestimable. His death has made a vacancy in his own church, in the Presbytery and in the Church at large, which it seems must, for the present, remain unsupplied.

We cannot but express our great sorrow for the loss sustained by the removal of this beloved Elder ; and we extend our cordial sympathies to his deeply afflicted family, to the bereaved Pastor, and to the church of which he was so valued an officer.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this paper be sent to the family, and the Session of the church at York, and also to the *Presbyterian* and *Presbyterian Journal*, for publication.

Attest :

WM. G. CAIRNES,  
*Stated Clerk.*



The *Watchman*, published at Chicago, organ of the Young Men's Christian Association, published the following :

OBITUARY.

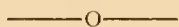
“Died, Sabbath morning, March 25th, David E. Small, of York, Pa.

Our cause among young men, as well as almost every good cause, loses a warm and steadfast friend.

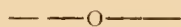
A great and good man has fallen. Mr. Small was one of the originators of the Association in York, some fifteen years ago. He has been identified with the Pennsylvania State work from its commencement. He was President of the State Convention held at Johnstown, September, 1873, and was a member of the State Executive Committee until 1876, when his place was occupied by his son. His health failed about seven years ago, and after a prolonged season of rest, he measurably recovered, but not fully. No amount of physical infirmity dampened his ardor. He was always ready to do more than he could endure, and could not learn how to spare himself. In the midst of a large and absorbing business, he always kept before him the fact of his stewardship, and he gave himself, as well as of his means. He leaves a noble record for young men to study and to follow. He held an advisory relation with the State Executive Committee of Pennsylvania, until a short time before his death. On Tuesday, March 27th, it was the sad privilege of the members of the State Committee in session, to bow to the Throne of Grace and pray for the stricken ones in their great sorrow—for the dear wife and children who lose such a loving husband and father. He has fought a good fight; he has finished his course with joy, and the Crown of Righteousness is laid up for him, which he shall receive when Jesus comes.”



Harmonious with the above, are Resolutions adopted by the Executive Committee of the Y. M. C. A. of the State of Pennsylvania: and also of the Y. M. C. A., of York, in which they speak of "the irreparable loss sustained by the death of our brother, which must long be felt in the lack of his presence, his counsel, his experience, his active service and his pecuniary aid," and in which they declare the purpose to attend his funeral, as a body.



Resolutions of respect and affection for Mr. Small, as "earnest co-worker and valued counsellor in the cause of Temperance," and of sympathy for their beloved President, in the loss of her husband, were also adopted by "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union," of York, and placed on their records.

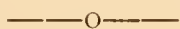


In the Daily and Weekly papers of York, Hanover, Glen Rock, Delta, Littlestown, and other parts of the county, eulogistic and affectionate notices of the deceased were published; as also, in the *Presbyterian*, and *Presbyterian Journal*, of Philadelphia, and the *New York Observer*, &c. From a lengthy editorial in the *York Telephone*, the following passages are extracted:

“York is greatly bereaved by the loss of this man who has been to us a leader in all good works, whose life, like a clear and shining light was never dimmed or shadowed by one ungenerous act. The affliction of his death, falling upon our hearts, already softened by the tender associations of the season, made perhaps a deeper impression than otherwise; but among all the citizens of our town there are few who have endeared themselves to so many hearts, few so universally admired as David E. Small. He had wealth, and his riches flowed out with generous bounty to every needy individual who came beneath his notice, to every cause which justly claimed assistance, and through many channels of which his nearest and dearest friends knew nothing; he had power, and he wielded it for good, always for good—drawing men, low and wicked and discouraged though they were, into the circle of his friendship and helping them, first by acts of charity and then by continued kindness, until they grew to love him as one man loves another who has saved him from ruin. He had an intellect steady, clear and capable of great things. No man among us spoke with greater vigor upon the subjects near to his heart. His enthusiasm always displayed itself in fervent words that carried conviction with it. What he wished to say he said, and he said it well.

His religious influence reached widely, and his

name was found in all good works. Of his business capabilities nothing need be said—the great success of his life tells us so plainly; and his connection with the business of York industries, is too well known to require mention. With his bereaved family the whole community grieves, and sympathizing hearts follow them in their sorrow. Although we write with pride and gladness: “Born in the Borough of York, on December 3rd, 1824,” it is with saddened heart we finish: “Died in the 59th year of his age, David E. Small, beloved by all who knew him.”



Among the most touching expressions of respect and affection, were resolutions adopted by the employees of the Eillmeyer & Small Company at a meeting, on the morning of the funeral day, in which they speak of the deceased President of the Company as “a friend and benefactor, whose kindness of heart, warmth of sympathy and forbearance, under all circumstances, had won from us the deepest regard,”—a man “whose heart was ever open to our trouble, and who was ever ready to encourage us to look to that God in whom he put all his trust.” Also of the Garnet Literary Society, an association of colored people, who said that “the career of Mr. Small furnishes to the American youth, another illustration of what can

be accomplished by dint of perseverance, self-denial and true christian rectitude;" that "he was not only a zealous advocate, in words, of the cause of the oppressed, but, in deeds, has he shown his sympathy towards the common brotherhood of man by a constant dispensing of his munificence for their amelioration and advancement, regardless of race, color, or condition, thus endearing him to the hearts of all lovers of right and justice. May the Judge of the widow, and He who has promised to be the father of the fatherless, be to the bereaved ones all that our sincere prayers can invoke."

In a communication from Rev. Drs. Bingham and Stewart, committee from the Board of Directors of Lincoln University, they say: "His was an open, generous hand, moved by a heart that loved to do good. As our benefactor, he gave liberally and cheerfully. He counselled us wisely and cheered us by his hopeful words. In his death, the negro has lost a friend, but not until his dusky hand had received the lamp of life from his now glorified benefactor. . . . Many a drunkard has risen from the gutter by the magic of his tender heart and strong hand. Many a young man owes his deliverance, under God, from sin and shame, to the wise counsels and generous help of our brother. He was a tower of strength to his pastor and brethren in the church. God gave him many souls for his hire."

In the *York Daily* of March 29th, appeared the following lines which the contributor offered as most appropriate to the death of Mr. Small :

“ Through the golden gates of morning  
 Still another soul has sped,  
 In the bleeding heart of sorrow  
 One is numbered with the dead  
 On the diadem of glory,  
 Still another star is set,  
 In the house of desolation,  
 Pallid cheeks with tears are wet.

“ On a noble, trustful forehead,  
 Is a wreath of glory wound,  
 And a noble type of manhood,  
 Is with deathless being crowned.  
 From the coronet of friendship,  
 Gone is one transcendent gem.  
 Sparkling now in glorious beauty,  
 From a nobler diadem.

“ Kindly heart! for the departed,  
 Long a thousand eyes shall weep,  
 And a thousand lips shall murmur,  
 Sweet and peaceful be thy sleep.  
 While to us the stars shall whisper,  
 And the shining worlds shall sing  
 How from death and desolation  
 Life and joy and being spring.

“ Fare thee well, O noble spirit,  
 While the changing seasons roll,  
 While the passions play and riot  
 Through the chambers of the soul,  
 While the evening star in beauty,  
 Stoops to kiss the slumbering sea,  
 Round our hearts shall fondly linger,  
 Tender memories of thee.”

Various communications expressive of high esteem for the departed, and of sympathy for his bereaved family, were received from such corporations as the Board of Trustees of the York County Academy; the Board of Directors of the York Gas Company; the Board of Managers of the York Water Company; the Board of Managers of the Spring Garden Plank Road Company; the Board of Directors of the Lochiel Rolling Mill Company, Harrisburg, Pa; the Western Land Association of Minnesota, represented by Jay Cooke, George Whitney, Robert H. Lamborn, S. M. Felton, and others. Also, letters addressed to the company, from a large number of business firms and acquaintances with whom he had been brought in contact.

In one of the above, it is written:—“We deeply regret to hear of the death of Mr. David E. Small. Uniformly upright in his dealings, and of most courteous and kindly demeanor, it was always a pleasure to meet him, and we shall bear him in pleasant memory.”

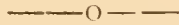
In another—“I have met few men who combined such a loving and genial temper, with such executive ability and clear business insight, and I know he will be universally mourned not only in your city, but wherever he was known.”

In another—“Mr Small dwelt in a moral atmosphere higher and purer than that of the average

man." In yet another: "His family circle, in their irreparable loss, have with them the sympathy of all who knew him."

"None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise!"

To you, gentlemen, as his business associates, we feel sure, the business world extend a brotherly hand. His record will ever be your guiding star to an increased success."



In private letters addressed to the bereaved family, more extended tributes are paid to his christian character and influence. Like one from Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Harrisburg, who says: "I cannot speak as I would, of your husband. His memory will be dear to thousands. He has filled up God's plan for his earthly life. No life like his, consecrated to Christ, and guided by His Spirit, can be incomplete. God wrought all His blessed will in him, and by him, and his work was done, and God's will was done."

Like one from Rev. George Robson, of Inverness, Scotland, who visited at Mr. Small's when in this country, as a delegate to the Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia:—"If you knew," he says, "what a warm place your happy family circle has held in my heart ever since those sunny days I

spent in your now darkened home, you would allow me to tender, very respectfully, my sincere sympathy with you and your children under this bereavement. Your loss,—may I say our loss, is his gain. Blessed be Jesus for the bright hope passing within the veil, which gives us this happy consolation, and enables us to realize that, already we ‘are come unto the spirits of just men made perfect.’ Jesus stands between us and them, the bond of union, the promise of re-union! ‘I am the Resurrection and the Life.’ And, we must see our Lord in the past as well as in the present and the future. Praise Him for that life of usefulness leaving behind it a fragrant memory and a holy influence! Praise Him for all the joy and brightness, and the sanctified sorrow which made your home a Bethel.”

“He had the courage of his convictions,” says another, “He dared to take responsibilities, to be true, and to do right. The highest style of man is christian. In this, we have the prime source of his power for good, a Divine force added to his noble qualities of mind and heart.”

“My life and work,” says a soldier, whom he had befriended: “have been all the better, because of his sympathy and friendship. I bear witness to his kindness of heart, his warm friendliness and broad liberality. He had a good word for every one.”



“He was always most agreeable and polite to every one,” writes another, “but his gallantry and devotion to his wife, extending to the minutest attentions, could not but impress even a chance acquaintance.”

“Christ chose him to be my spiritual father,” says another, “How I loved him, when living, he but faintly knew. How I shall ever venerate his name, our Heavenly Father only knows. He has met that Saviour who was his daily companion, so many years, whose service he so hopefully pursued, and whose Spirit he so exemplified in his walk among men.”

“I have always regarded him as a wonderful man,” says another. “a rare specimen of humanity. His business acumen combined with promptness and perseverance, could not fail to ensure success; but he was also, a man of grand benevolent impulses and christian integrity. As a speaker, he was eminently practical and interesting. His voice had the ring of a true leader, and there was no one in York, to whom I listened with more pleasure. His model life will often be presented for the imitation of youth.”

“He touched me to the quick,” says another, “by his pleadings, in the prayer meeting, and aided much in bringing me into the strait and narrow path.”

Many more similar expressions from friends at

home, and friends he made abroad, in business circles, at summer resorts, and even when traveling, might be quoted, all showing the magnetic power which he possessed, and the happy christian influence he exerted.

One from a quaker lady who met him and Mrs. Small at the sea-shore, says :—“ Our acquaintance was of short duration, but in those few days, at Atlantic City, I could not fail greatly to admire thy husband. His lovely christian character was a speaking example to us all, and though thy loss is very great, I almost realize what a gain for him! I feel for thee, greatly, but I believe thee can say,—‘ Thy will be done,’ knowing that thy Father in heaven does not willingly afflict his children. May the consolation be thine, which is only given to those who are chosen in Him!”

A lady in Cincinnati, writes :—“ Wait for the light which will surely come at last, on that bright morning when the ‘ day shall break and the shadows flee away.’ I can think just how you must be living on the hope of that day, and seizing every promise of it which you find in your Bible, in the comforting words of friends and pastor, and in the beautiful outside world, with its newly blossoming life, and its many lessons of the Resurrection, at which you look through darkened windows and tear-dimmed eyes. . . . A friend was writing to me, the other day, of her loneliness

and longings, and of the hours that sometimes come when she can hear the voice of her lost husband, in whispers of consolation. It used to say, 'till death us part,' but now, the message is, 'till death us join!' With such voices to comfort and bid you rejoice, you do not need earthly comforters. I only wanted to come among the countless ones who honored and admired your grand, good husband, and who will always feel life sweeter and nobler for having known him."

In a note, from a young lawyer in Baltimore, he writes: "I wished you to know not only how deeply I feel for you in your loss, but also, how I feel myself bereaved of a true friend, an inspiring model, a great heart, to whom I could always look for help and counsel. 'Against all fallen and traitor lives' Mr. Small's life was a protest and a prophecy. His character has certainly been to me a loud trumpet-call to come up from the lowlands of sensuality and worldliness; and his memory and his spirit continue to beckon higher! It seems as though the world could ill afford to spare him. It seems as though blackness must come into our lives because of the separation; but, for him what a gain was death."

Yet another, from a clergyman of a different denomination: "You have my deepest sympathy, and most earnest prayers that the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ may sustain you and

yours in this great bereavement; a great loss, not to you only, but to the church which he honored, and the large circle of friends who, like myself, felt his life to be a continued benediction. It was the beautiful simplicity of his life, and the clear, transparent radiance of his saintly character, that gleamed along the border of the, to us, dark shadow of death. May his children live as devoted to God as was he, and thus, to some extent, fill the vacancy created in the Church and in the world, by his departure."



"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."





